

PR
4489
C276 P

A
A
0
0
0
3
6
8
7
8
8
6



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

POETIC
EFFUSIONS.
BY MARY COLLIER.

ifornia
onal
ity



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

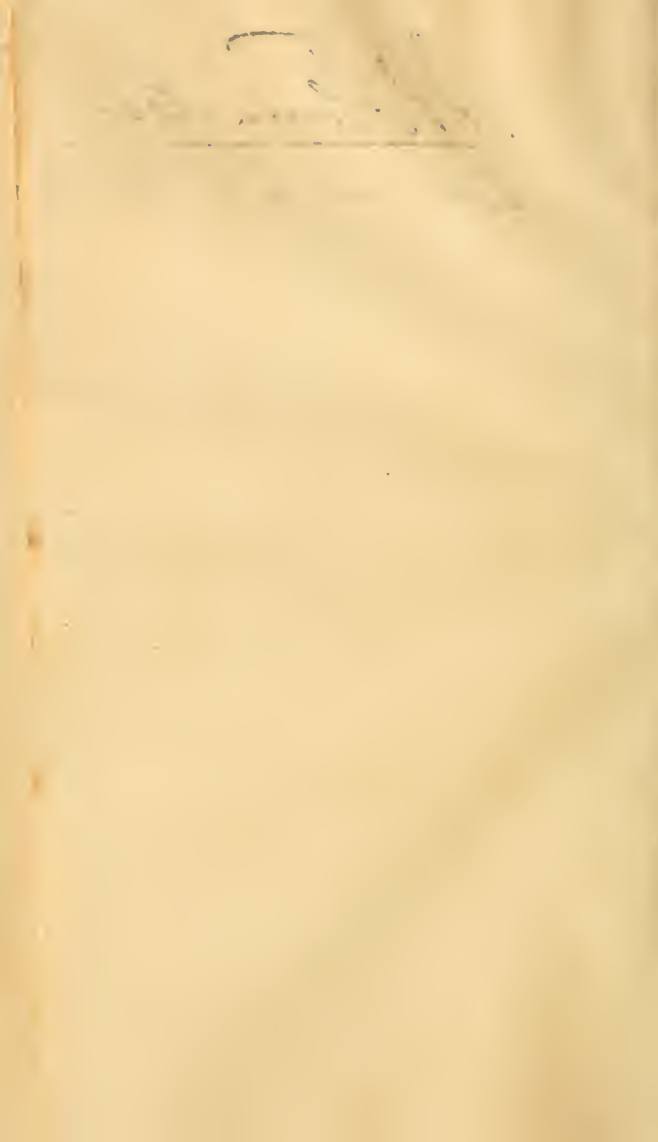


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

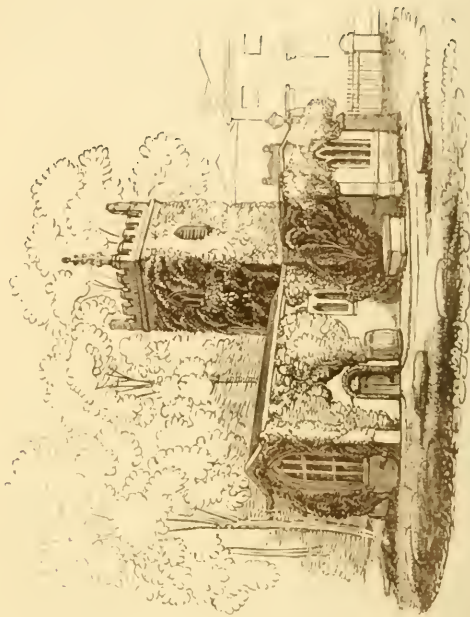
Plan to visit the children

The children will be
sent to the school
to attend the school
cases of a woman and
her children four of
them were prematurely
into the ground.

W Saunders
Wennington Hall







THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

POETIC EFFUSIONS:

BY MARY COLLIER.

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

“For me, I boast nor Critic lore nor skill,
“Nor classic laws for measur’d numbers know;
“Enough to feel the Bosom’s raptur’d thrill,
“The Tear that starts,—the Heart’s spontaneous
 glow!”

DERBY:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS;

BY G. JEWITT, CURZON STREET.

1835.

PR
4489
C276p

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
L O R D S C A R S D A L E .

Sensible of her own deficiencies, as of your Lordship's goodness, it is not without timidity that the Authoress of this little work, presumes, in accordance with your Lordship's kindly granted permission, to place it under so distinguished and illustrious a patronage. Well aware that the effusions of an unlettered Muse can have but few charms for the finished scholar, she yet feels a hope, that her verses will not in their tendency be found contrary to Religion or Morality, and that your Lordship, (except in sheltering from severe criticism the spontaneous feelings of her soul,) will have no just cause to be ashamed of the countenance so generously afforded.

For her Frontispiece, she has chosen a sketch of the antique Church adjoining your Lordship's magnificent mansion, not so much in regard to its beauty as a specimen of Saxon architecture, as to its being the mausoleum of the good and great of your Lordship's ancestors.

She most humbly solicits pardon for so long a trespass on your Lordship's valuable time, and begs most respectfully to subscribe herself,

Your Lordship's

Obliged and humble servant,

MARY COLLIER.

P R E F A C E .

IN 1823, the first edition of this little book was ushered into the world, under the patronage of a very respectable list of subscribers, and at the request of a great part of which, the present one makes its appearance.

When the Authoress, as expressed in her prospectus, first conceived the idea of presenting her Poems to the public, she filled the humble but creditable situation of housemaid in a very kind and respectable family in Derby: she had not been blessed with the advantages of education, nor had she been able to enrich her judgment with extensive reading; her EFFUSIONS were the spontaneous productions of an unlettered mind, composed at such moments as she could snatch from her regular

avocations, and retained in her memory till opportunity threw in her way some friend who would take the trouble of committing them to paper. Thus submitted to the world, they could not be expected to bear the test of a very severe criticism; but, that they have been generally approved, is evident from the request of so many of her former friends, for a new edition.

In the interim betwixt the issuing of the prospectus and the publication of the first edition, the Authoress became a wife, and since then the mother of seven children, four of whom have fallen prematurely into the grave. This is a situation in which, if she attend properly to the duties of her station, a young female cannot be expected to acquire much literary improvement; the cares of an increasing family will preclude any thing like leisure, and should she at times abstract a few hours from her domestic employment, this abstraction must be made up by additional industry and privation. She could not at all times withstand the suggestions of her fancy, and the new pieces

which are added to her *EFFUSIONS*, have during these last twelve years been composed, as it were by stealth, and after being recited to her husband and a few personal friends, been all but forgotten till some one or other took the trouble of from time to time of reducing them to writing.

The pieces collected from these copies and from Mrs. Collier's memory, form no inconsiderable part of the present volume. They, like the former *Effusions*, cannot claim a high place as poems, but if originality be a test of merit, that, from the situation of the Authoress, they are at least entitled to; for she, who as before observed, never possessed the advantage of reading our standard poets, cannot have been a plagiarist of their expressions; her beauties, if she have any, are all her own, and her defects are such as every candid mind, acquainted with her situation, will generously excuse.

To those friends who have so liberally come forward in assisting her to lay this little work before the public, she begs to present her unfeigned

acknowledgments; she feels their kindness, and she hopes her memory will ever retain a grateful sense of their goodness: she is now advancing in the path of life, is blest with a good and kind husband, and has a family to provide for; the Muse, she fears must now be abandoned, and all her future exertions be directed to the forming the minds of those with which Providence has blessed her, and to the "Doing her duty in that state of life, to which it has pleased God to call her."

APRIL 6th, 1835.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

The Right Honourable Lord Searsdale, *Kedleston.*
 The Honourable Nathaniel Curzon, *Farnah Hall.*
 The Honourable Admiral Curzon.
 The Honourable and Reverend Alfred Curzon.
 The Honourable and Reverend Frederick Curzon.
 The Honourable Miss Curzon.
 Lady Colvile, *Duffield.* (six copies)
 Lady Clarke, *Bath.*
 Lady Eyre, *Friar-Gate, Derby.*

Adams, Miss, <i>Derby</i>	Belcher, Mrs. <i>Derby</i>
Aldred, Mrs. <i>Little-Eaton</i>	Bennett, Mr. J. <i>do.</i>
Alexander Miss, <i>Nottingham</i>	Bentley, Mrs. <i>Duffield</i>
Allwright, Mr. J. <i>Derby</i>	Birbeek, Miss
Ashbridge Miss	Bird, Mr. E. <i>Matlock-Bath</i>
Ashton, Miss	Blackburn, Miss, <i>Derby</i>
Bagnall, Mrs. <i>Derby</i>	Bloor, Miss <i>do.</i>
Bainbrigge, Miss, <i>Brailsford</i>	Blundell, Mr. <i>Matlock-Bath</i>
Balguy, B. T. Esq. <i>Derby</i>	Bolton, Mrs.
Bailey, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	Borough, Mr. C. <i>Derby</i>
Bailey, Mrs. <i>Repton</i>	Bradford Miss, <i>Burton</i>
Ball, Mr. W. <i>Derby</i>	Branton, Miss, <i>Mickleover</i>
Bateman, Osborne, Esq. <i>do.</i>	Brearey, Mr. R. A. <i>Derby</i>
Bateman, Saheveril, Esq. <i>do.</i>	Bretnor, Mr. William <i>do.</i>
Bateman, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	Bridgart, Mr. S. <i>do.</i>
Bayne, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	Brierley, Miss Sophia, <i>do.</i>

Brookhouse, Mr. <i>Derby</i>	Drewry, Mrs. <i>Derby</i>
Bullock, Mr. George <i>do.</i>	Drewry, J. jun. Esq. <i>do.</i>
Burnett, Mr. <i>do.</i>	Dunn, Mr. <i>do.</i>
Burton, Mr. Charles, <i>do.</i>	Duesbury, Mr. <i>Wirksworth</i>
Buxton, Mrs.	Eaton, Miss, <i>Ashover</i>
Calvert, Mr. E. <i>Derby</i>	Edgar, Mrs. <i>Markeaton</i>
Cantrill, Mr. <i>do.</i>	Edwards, Mr. T. <i>Derby</i>
Cantrill, Mr. <i>Wirksworth</i>	Ellis, Mrs. <i>do.</i>
Chapman, Mrs. <i>Etwall</i>	England, Miss <i>do.</i>
Chatterton, J. Esq. <i>Derby</i>	Etches, Miss <i>do.</i>
Child, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	Etches, Mr. <i>do.</i>
Clark, Mr. <i>Markeaton</i>	Evans, W. Esq. <i>Allestre-Hall</i>
Clark, Mr. J. <i>Derby</i>	Evans, Mrs. <i>do.</i>
Clarke, Miss <i>do.</i>	Evans, Mrs. <i>Derby</i>
Clay, Miss <i>do.</i>	Farmer, Mr. S. <i>do.</i>
Clifford, Mr. James, <i>Shardlow</i>	Fearn, Mr. H. <i>do.</i>
Collingwood, Mr. <i>Matlock-</i>	Ferguson, Dr. <i>do.</i>
<i>Bath</i>	Fernyhough, Miss <i>do.</i>
Collinson, Mr. S. <i>Wirksworth.</i>	Fisher, Rev. W. <i>do.</i>
Cooper, Mrs. <i>Derby</i>	Fletcher, Mr. <i>Cavendish-Br.</i>
Cope, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	Flewker, J. Esq. <i>Derby</i>
Corden, Mr. F. <i>do.</i>	Forrester, Dr. <i>do.</i>
Cotes, Mr. G. <i>Wirksworth</i>	Foster, Mr. Thos. <i>do.</i>
Cottingham, Mr. <i>Derby</i>	Fox, Miss <i>do.</i>
Crosby, Mr. <i>do.</i>	Fox, Miss A. <i>do.</i>
Cursham, Miss Marian	Gadsby, Mr. J. <i>do.</i>
Dale, Mrs. <i>Wirksworth</i>	Gell, Mrs. Thomas, <i>Quorn</i>
Dalby, Mrs. <i>Derby</i>	Glover, Mrs. <i>Derby</i>
Davenport, Miss, <i>do.</i>	Goodwin, Miss, <i>do.</i>
Dean, Rev. J. <i>do.</i>	Goodwin, Mrs. <i>do.</i>
Dixon, Captain, <i>do.</i>	Gover, Miss <i>do.</i>

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Gregory, Miss, <i>Derby</i> | Lloyd, Miss, <i>Derby</i> |
| Gregory, Mrs. <i>Little Eaton</i> | Liggins, Mr. John |
| Hall, Miss, <i>Cromford-Bridge</i> | Little, Mrs. <i>Matlock-Dale</i> |
| Hall, Mrs. <i>Derby</i> | Lockett, W. J. Esq. <i>Derby.</i> |
| Hampshire, Mr. <i>Bole-Hill</i> | Longdon, Miss <i>do.</i> |
| Harpur, Miss, <i>Derby</i> | Longman, Mr. Joseph <i>do.</i> |
| Harper, Mr. <i>do.</i> | Macauley, Rev. J. H. <i>Repton</i> |
| Harrison, Mr. J. <i>do.</i> | Madeley, Mrs. <i>Derby</i> |
| Heacock, John, Esq. <i>Etwall</i> | Mansfield, Mrs. <i>do.</i> |
| Heathcote, C. Esq. <i>Pastures</i> | Mason, Mr. G. <i>Belper</i> |
| Henley, Mrs. <i>Derby</i> | Meakin, Mr. E. <i>Derby</i> |
| Henchley, Mr. S. <i>do.</i> | Meynell, Mrs. <i>Langley Hall</i> |
| Heppel, Mr. <i>do.</i> | Milner, Mr. G. <i>Quorn</i> |
| Hewitt, Mr. B. <i>do.</i> | Moody, Mr. <i>Derby</i> |
| Hodgkinson, Mr. F. <i>do.</i> | Moore, Mr. H. <i>do.</i> |
| Hodgkinson, Mr. T. <i>do.</i> | Moseley, Mrs. <i>do.</i> |
| Hudson, Mrs. <i>do.</i> | Mosseroft, Miss <i>do.</i> |
| Hunt, Mr. W. <i>do.</i> | Mozley, H. jun. Esq. <i>do.</i> |
| Johnson, Miss E. <i>do.</i> | Mundy, Mrs. <i>Markeaton</i> |
| Johnson, Mrs. | Murphy, Mrs. <i>Derby</i> |
| Johnson, Rev. N. P. <i>Aston</i> | Newton, Miss <i>do.</i> |
| Jolley, Mr. <i>Derby</i> | Ord, Mrs. <i>Edge-Hill, Duffield</i> |
| Jones, Mr. <i>do.</i> | Ordish, Mrs. <i>Mickleover</i> |
| Kidd, Mr. David, <i>Duffield</i> | Palmer, Miss, <i>Derby</i> |
| Kidd, Mr. Moses, <i>Cromford</i> | Peach, Miss J. <i>do.</i> |
| Kirkland, Mr. <i>Derby.</i> | Peach, Miss S. <i>do.</i> |
| Lakin, Mrs. <i>do.</i> | Peach, Mr. <i>do.</i> |
| Lakin, Mr. G. <i>do.</i> | Peach, Mr. D. <i>do.</i> |
| Lakin, Mr. O. <i>do.</i> | Peach, Mr. I. <i>do.</i> |
| Leaper, Richard, Esq. <i>do.</i> | Peach, Mr. J. <i>Hanley</i> |
| Lewis, Miss <i>do.</i> | Peach, Mr. Robert, <i>Quorn</i> |

Pegg, Mr. <i>Derby</i>	Smith, Mr.
Pegg, Mr. W. <i>do.</i>	Smith, Mrs. <i>Derby</i>
Pickering, Rev G. <i>do.</i>	Smith, Mr J. <i>do.</i> (3 copies)
Poyser, T. Esq. <i>Wirksworth</i>	Smith, Mrs. <i>Little-Eaton</i>
Poyser, Miss, <i>Duffield</i>	Soar, Mrs. <i>Shardlow</i>
Poyser, Mr. <i>do.</i>	Spencer, J. Esq. <i>Derby</i>
Poyser, Mrs. <i>Rowditch-Farm</i>	Starr, Miss Anne <i>do.</i>
Poyser, Mr. Thomas, <i>Burton</i>	Stevens, Mr. <i>Darley</i>
Radford, Miss, <i>Little-Eaton</i>	Strutt, E. Esq. M.P. <i>Derby</i>
Ratcliffe, Mr. J. <i>Derby</i>	Strutt, Joseph, Esq. <i>do.</i>
Rawlings, Mrs. <i>Peterborough</i>	Strutt, Miss, <i>do.</i>
Rawlinson, Miss, <i>Mutlock Bath</i>	Taylor, Mrs. <i>do.</i>
Richards, Mr. W. <i>Mickleover</i>	Tempest, Miss <i>do.</i>
Richardson, Mr. T. <i>Derby</i>	Thompson, Mr. J. <i>do.</i>
Riley, Miss <i>do.</i>	Thompson, Mrs. <i>do.</i>
Robinson, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	Thompson, Mrs.
Roe, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	Toone, Miss <i>do.</i>
Roper, Rev. T.	Tunnicliffe, Mr. <i>do.</i>
Rosewarne, Mr. <i>Belper</i>	Tunnaley, Mr. T. <i>do.</i>
Rowbottom, Mr. <i>Derby</i>	Walker, Mrs. <i>do.</i>
Rowland, Miss <i>do.</i>	Wallis, Mr. R. <i>do.</i>
Rowland, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	Wallis, Mrs. <i>do.</i>
Russell, Mr. Robert	Webster, Mr. <i>do.</i>
Sandars, Mr. <i>Brailsford</i>	Webster, Mr. J. <i>do.</i>
Simpson, Dr. <i>Etwell</i>	Wheeldon, Mr. <i>do.</i>
Sims, Mr. J. <i>Derby</i>	Whittaker, Mr. <i>Wirksworth</i>
Sims, Mr. J. jun. <i>do.</i>	Williamson, Mr. <i>Derby</i>
Shires, Miss J. <i>do.</i>	Williamson, Mrs. <i>do.</i>
Smith, Miss <i>do.</i>	Wilmott, Mr. <i>Little-Eaton</i>
Smith, Miss Eliza <i>do.</i>	Wright, Mr. <i>Derby</i>
Smith, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	Ycomans, Mr. <i>do.</i>
Smith, Mrs. <i>do.</i>	

POETIC EFFUSIONS.

POETIC EFFUSIONS.

ON FARNAH,

THE SEAT OF THE HONORABLE NATHANAEL CURZON.

HAIL, beauteous mansion! whose majestic form
Has caught the traveller's admiring gaze;
Whose fair erection, grac'd with many a charm,
Forms a fit subject for the Poet's lays!

Oft have I view'd, when but in youthful days,
The pleasing beauties of this stately dome;
Where taste and genius varied art displays,
Blending the palace with the charms of home.

And oft I've view'd these fair romantic scenes,
When Phœbus' golden beams display'd their
powers;
Watch'd their reflection on the crystal streams,
And slowly trac'd the sweetly twining bowers.

Would that my pen had skill and power to paint
The raptur'd feelings which these scenes inspire!
Its feeble touches are too poor and faint!
They lack the genius of poetic fire,—

Or I would sing the grotto's calm retreat,
Where Art, assisting Nature, charms the sight;
And thither tempt the stranger's wand'ring feet,
Where fresh'ning zephyrs would the Bard invite.

There Taste her thousand graceful forms arrays,
And mingled beauties weave a magic chain;
'Tis there, the gurgling fountain gently plays,
And Sylphs and Naiads hold their peaceful reign.

LAMENT

ON THE WANT OF EDUCATION.

It has been said by ancient sires,
That man indulges base desires ;
And that our nature's wants are few,
If we their right proportion knew :
With this assertion I agree,
But one sad want is known to me.
My soul would rise:—and soaring high,
Would claim the Poet's favorite joy,
Gladly improve kind Nature's part
With education's noble art ;
But as this blessing Fate denies,
She shrinks, and never hopes to rise.
Much I admire those soaring minds
Where learning with good sense combines ;
Which can with equal ease and joy
Their ev'ry vacant hour employ :
Each rising sentiment improve,
On Nature, Virtue, and on Love.

With pleasure roam around the land,
And as they rove, their minds expand
By aid of Science;—they adore,
And Nature's wond'rous works explore!
On me, such lights have never glow'd
For me, such pleasures never flow'd!
My Muse forgetful takes her flight,
And rising with intense delight,
She mounts on Contemplation's wings,
In hopes to trace sublimer things:
But while my anxious bosom burns,
Alas! she flutters and returns.
Thus disappointment, care and woe,
Compel forbidden tears to flow.
Yet while I mourn, with grief sincere,
My fortune, cruel and severe,
I see the heavenly day-star rise
Which points my passage to the skies;
Which reigns and rules within my breast,
The seal of an immortal rest!
It was this brilliant ray of hope
Which taught me first with Time to cope;
Which bade me on that strength rely,
That can each threat'ning storm defy;

Whose word can quench the pow'rs of hell,
And ev'ry earth-born fear dispel.
And I'll adore redeeming grace,
My Saviour's humble footsteps trace,
Whilst I pursue with heartfelt joy,
The sacred way-mark to the sky.

MY BROTHER.

ADDRESSED BY THE AUTHORESS TO HER BROTHER,
WHO, AT PARTING, REQUESTED THAT HIS SISTER
WOULD SOMETIMES THINK ON HIM.

O YES! while sacred memory reigns
And reason owns her sway;
And kindred love my heart in enchains;
I'll sometimes think on thee,
My Brother.

In future years should woes combine
And fortune frown on me,
While mingled miseries entwine,
I'll sometimes think on thee,
My Brother.

And when indulgent heaven smiles,

And prospects pleasing be,

Then, while prosperity beguiles,

I'll oft-times think on thee,

My Brother.

And should I e'er be doom'd to roam,

Far distant realms to see;

When wand'ring from my native home,

I'll sometimes think on thee,

My Brother.

And when some 'luring syren's voice,

Would tempt thy heart 'gainst heav'n's decree;

Make virtue thy decided choice,

And sometimes think on me,

My Brother.

And if, by many a tender tie,

Thy sister's dear to thee;

Thy ev'ry vacant hour employ

To prove thou think'st on me,

My Brother.

TO DONALD,

WHO, ON PARTING WITH A YOUNG LADY, REQUESTED
HER NOT TO FORGET HIM.

FORGET thee! No! I said farewell!
But never shall the pang depart;
'Tis like an ever-tolling knell,
Impetuous sounding at my heart.

Forget those rural scenes of joy,
Once to my heart intensely dear;
Another maid thy care employ
And I ne'er drop the pensive tear!

That heart to tender feelings prone,
Such coldness never can partake;
I live to love but thee alone,
Or yield to die for Donald's sake.

The tongue of slander, whose fell pow'r
Once sought thy gentle heart to move;
Succeeded in a fatal hour,
And banish'd me from life and love.

Yet though I'm doom'd to mourn in vain,
And we, alas! are forc'd to sever;
Forget, forgive, thy truth maintain,
And Donald, let us love for ever.

ADDRESS TO A FRIEND,

FROM MY SICK BED.

AND must our friendship cease, though death shall
sever?

No! Fanny, soon we shall the more unite:
And must it cease? Tho' worlds dissolve! No, never!
In union we shall walk with Christ in light.

There, free from pain, from anguish, and from woe,
We'll gladly join the happy choir above;
Enjoy the warmth of friendship's sacred glow,
'Till friendship ripen to celestial love.

The NOW INVISIBLE we then shall see,
And chant the wonders of redeeming grace;
For there the great I AM shall ever be,
Without a cloud before his gracious face!

TO * * * * *

(WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG PERSON WHO WISHED TO
SEND THE LINES TO HER LOVER.)

OH! did thy bosom ever feel the glow
Of sacred friendship, or the power of love!
For me, didst thou an ardent passion know,
The thought would raise me ev'ry grief above.

And though withheld beyond possession's pow'r,
Yet didst thou breathe one secret sigh for me,
That sigh would pleasing consolation pour
Into a heart, disconsolate for thee.

For ever then would rest each rising fear!
One smile from thee would cheer the hapless
gloom;
One moment's joy or sorrow wouldst thou share;
'T would almost save me from an early tomb.

TO LORENZO.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY TO HER
LOVER WHO HAD ABANDONED HER.

TELL me Lorenzo, in those busy scenes,
Viewing the palace and the lofty tow'r,
Can you forget, while sacred mem'ry reigns,
The rural walk and oft frequented bow'r?

Can you, while reason lends her friendly aid,
Forget the calm and solitary grove;
Where oft in sweet retirement's pleasing shade
You vow'd eternal constancy and love!

And, Oh! I listen'd with unconscious joy,
And thought my breast incapable of pain;
While ev'ry feather'd tenant of the sky
Appear'd to join you in the ardent strain!

'Twas you who lighted first love's ardent fire,
And formed the fond emotions of my heart;
You bid each anxious troubled fear expire,
And then, bade ev'ry blooming hope depart.

TO *** ****.

IN COMMENDATION OF THE LADY OF HIS CHOICE.

NOT lovelier is the fairest flower
That ever grac'd the rural green;
Not greater proof of Nature's power,
Than Anna's soft and gentle mien!

Her beauteous form shall cheer thy sight,
Her smile shall yield thee heav'n-born peace;
Dispel the fearful gloom of night,
And bid surrounding sorrows cease!

Her voice shall sooth thy aching breast,
When tribulations dire combine,
With more than angel-sweetness blest,
Direct thee to a pow'r divine!

Her bosom is the seat of truth,
The sweet asylum of thy care;
She'll be thy glory while in youth,
And age present her mind more fair!

INVOCATION TO THE MOON.

WRITTEN AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE, IN MEMORY OF
A SCHOOL-FELLOW AT SEA.

ILLUSTRIOUS lamp! commission'd from on high
To chase the gloomy terrors of the night;
Bright ornament of the ethereal sky,
Visit my Henry with thy cheering light.

In yonder distant country where he roves,
Where peace and hope forsake his wayward
breast;
For ever banish'd from the maid he loves,
With deadly anguish and with care oppress;

Oh! that thy presence would impress his soul;
Would bid him ev'ry earthly fear resign:
With soft persuasion and with fond control,
Would raise his pensive mind to things divine.

STANZAS IN RETIREMENT.

As oft at evening's silent hour,
Led by the gentle breeze,
I seek some shady lonely bow'r
Amid the woodland trees;

And musing there on passing scenes
In solitary mood,
Where pensive meditation reigns
And loves alone to brood;

I sadly think on future woes,
Or those long past away;
Reflection whispers to the Muse,
With hope inspiring lay.

“Ah why,” she says, “the heavy sigh?
“Or why that dark despair?
“Since ev'ry mortal born to die,
“Has joy with grief to share.

“As equal light o'er ev'ry land

“All-bounteous heav'n bestows ;

“So equal blessings from its hand,

“To ev'ry creature flows,

“Then think not to be nobly born

“Can make us blest alone ;

“For oft the monarch's breast is torn,

“With anguish not its own.

“Full oft beneath the sparkling brow

“Where sense and wit are seen,

“Is lodg'd the deadly weight of woe

“With sorrow dark and keen.

“Yet 'neath the roof of humble swain

“With aspect mean and low,

“Though prest with poverty and pain,

“May solid comforts flow.

“There is a charm of magic pow'r,

“To no estate confin'd ;

“A charm beyond the present hour,

“A calm confiding mind !”

May I this lovely prize obtain,
E'en in my lowly cot;
I'll cherish sweet contentment's reign,
And bless my humble lot.

T O R O S A.

AH! Rosa, if endearing smile
Was e'er intended to beguile,
'Twas that which dwelt upon thy mien
Where ev'ry sparkling grace was seen,
This favour'd morn;
It was as though some transient cloud,
That veil'd thy beauties as a shroud,
Was then withdrawn,
And thus reveal'd to genial light,
They shone with brilliant splendour bright,
Like something heaven-born!

TO MISS * * * *.

ACCEPT, dear madam, from a grateful mind,
Emotions that would gladly be express'd;
The sigh, the tear, the genial wish combin'd,
With mingled incense rising from the breast.

I would be grateful, would express my joy,
And ev'ry tender sentiment reveal;
But still your presence does this pow'r deny,
And secret silence in my bosom seal.

And shall I fear that noble graceful mien,
Which friends have oft beheld with sweet delight?
Yes, dazzling bright, 'tis like the angel's gleam
When Parnell's Hermit wondered at the sight.

TO MY HUSBAND.

OCCASIONED BY SOME FAVORITE PLANTS OF HIS WHICH
I HAD SET OUT FOR THE BENEFIT OF A SHOWER,
BEING OVERTHROWN AND DESTROYED
BY A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND.

EXCUSE me, love;—those tender trees—
Though they were favorites of thine:
For sure that rough unfriendly breeze,
Was a decided foe of mine.

If e'er my bosom heav'd a sigh,
Or e'er an ardent wish express'd,
'Twas that no blooming hope should die,
That once was cherish'd in thy breast.

And though, like willows by the stream,
They seem'd to flourish ev'ry day;
Their beauty's fled, and, like a dream,
Thy hopes are vanish'd far away.

Oft have I seen thy anxious care,
And now behold thy blighted joys:
Yet HEAVEN shall hear my constant pray'r,
And give that *hope* which never dies.

This *sacred* flower shall ever bloom,
In desert wild shall seem more fair;
This, can no mortal pow'r entomb,
No northern winds can e'er impair,

'This brilliant star shall ever shine,
Shall shed its lustre clear and bright;
Shall yield the heartfelt peace divine,
Ev'n in the darkest gloom of night.

FROM SOPHIA TO LAURA.

ACCEPT this little present, love,
With many a wish, and many a pray'r;
That future years may tend to prove,
I ever feel a sister's care.

And I will sooth thy ev'ry woe,
Will cherish thee when sorrow's near,
With all the kindly cares that flow
From fondest sister's love sincere.

And when sweet peace, that lovely plant,
Shall flourish in thy bosom fair;
Language itself will fail to paint
The joy thy sister's heart will share.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

WAS e'er enchantment framed by Nature's pow'r,
'Tis midst the mazes of this sylvan scene;
Did Heav'n e'er grant to me one favour'd hour,
'Twas where these verdant beauties smil'd serene.

Along these devious walks I love to stray,
And hear the gentle river's murm'ring roll,
It seems to steal each woe-born thought away,
And sooth the pensive sadness of the soul.

These mingled charms by taste and genius wrought,
With secret raptures cheer the wond'ring sight,
Exalt the mind, inspire each virtuous thought,
And fill the ravish'd senses with delight.

THE MUSE'S WISH.

WHERE would the Muse delight to roam?
Where fix her fav'rite future home?
Not in the crowded scenes of life
Where ev'ry hour gives birth to strife:
Not in the lonely village, free
From noise, yet bound in tyranny;
Some knight or squire there holds the reins,
And peasants live 'neath galling chains:
Not in the dungeon's gloomy cell,
Where none but slaves in anguish dwell,
Where light of day hath never shone,
Where dreadful darkness reigns alone:
But in some wood, some rural wild,
Where peace and plenty always smil'd;
Where Nature's blooming beauties grow,
And health and peace around bestow.
Here the free tenants of the air
With sweetest strains beguile our care,
And here through all the vale is rung
In wood-notes wild, the shepherd's song.

Here stands the poplar tow'ring high,
Whose summit seems to touch the sky;
With fair majestic beauty grac'd,
Beside the shady elm is plac'd;
Here too, in sweet profusion, view
Flow'rs of the wildest form and hue;
To grace the Muse's peaceful seat
The myrtle finds a lov'd retreat;
Here Nature proves her genial power,
And circling woodbines form a bower:
Here, would the Muse enraptur'd reign,
And bound by only Friendship's chain,
And taught by Nature's purest laws
To shun the search of vain applause,
Would taste the hermit's humble joy
Join'd in affection's tenderest tie:
Here, with one lov'd companion blest,
She'd take no care for future rest,
But think the sweets of mutual love
A foretaste of the joys above.

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. JOS. HOPKINSON,
OF DARLEY.

STRING up your harps, ye angel choirs on high,
And hail our brother welcome to the sky:
He bids farewell to this sad world of woes,
And enters into realms of blest repose.
His spirit, long a native of that clime,
Was soaring far above the cares of time.
Oh! how delightful is redeeming grace!
From age to age its sweet effects we trace;
Yet the first cause, why Jesus left the skies,
Is deeply hidden from our mortal eyes.
The great Jehovah's plans can we explore?
We but enjoy, and wonder, and adore.
'Tis God alone, the mystery can unfold,
Not even to angels was the secret told.
Infinite Power and matchless love combin'd,
By His own law to misery consign'd,
Divine perfection, by Himself decreed,
Did weep for mortals, and for mortals bleed;

Then gave His spirit an enlightening ray
Which shines still brighter to the perfect day.
We mark'd our brother when his prospects smil'd,
When gay prosperity his life beguil'd,
When health and vigour freely were bestow'd;
His highest pleasure from Religion flow'd.
Amidst the round of life's tumultuous scene
His soul was calm, his aspect was serene.
He kept the seal, the stamp of meekness wore,
And Faith, by Works attested, firmly bore.
A bright example, burning shining light,
We trac'd his footsteps to the gloom of night:
When deathly sickness, pain, and woe combin'd
We found his spirit to his God resign'd:
A ray of hope shone forth from heaven's high dome,
A sacred herald from his native home.
Oft did his voice express in dying strain,
"I soon shall soar beyond the reach of pain:
"Weep not for me, my bark will find that shore
"Where dying accents shall be heard no more:
"I gladly yield to Him who gave me breath,
"At His decree, I freely yield to death:
"In His blest presence constant joys shall flow,
"And I shall be exempt from future woe."

He cast one parting look on those most dear,
 One parting look—and left them sorrowing here;
 Then fled his spirit to that happy shore
 Where friends unite, and grief is felt no more.
 Farewell, blest shade! our sorrowing tears shall
 prove
 Our heart-felt anguish, and unbounded love.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A YOUNG MAN, ON
 THE DEATH OF A YOUNG WOMAN TO WHOM
 HE WAS ENGAGED.

FAREWELL, Maria! long shall mem'ry dwell
 On innocence, as pure as new-born light;
 Long shall the Muse in tenderest accents tell
 Her woes, while thou shalt bloom in regions bright.

And shall we mourn in ceaseless, fruitless woe
 The loss of virtues gentle and refin'd?
 Yes, echoing back in strains of anguish flow
 Forbidden sorrows from th' afflicted mind.

Yet would we bow to that superior pow'r
Which rais'd this star to regions all divine:
He that transplanted hence the lovely flow'r,
Has plac'd it where immortal beauties shine.

EPITAPH ON MARIA.

THIS stone is plac'd where sleeping virtue's laid;
We mark the spot and shed a tender tear:
Her mem'ry lives, though in the silent shade
She sleeps, nor courts this feeble tribute here.

Flown is her spirit from the scenes of woe;
And may that light divine which blest her way,
Shine o'er our path and lead us to pursue
Her heav'n-directed steps, to an eternal day.

ON A LITTLE GIRL,

WHOSE NAME WAS ROSE.

HAIL little flower! by heaven design'd
To flourish fair in future years;
Thy name and nature so entwin'd
A sweet and near resemblance bears.

When first this little bud was seen,
An infant smile of magic pow'r
Play'd o'er her face of gentlest mien—
A sunbeam o'er its kindred flow'r.

The mighty Pow'r who gave her birth,
Has stamp'd an index of her mind;
So sweetly boding future worth
She seems as for her name design'd.

STANZAS.

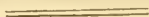
Ah me ! reflection starts with anguish wild,
And bids my tears responsively to flow ;
Reminds me of the days when prospects smil'd,
And every breast was warm with friendship's
glow.

And when reflection's racking pains
Around my heart entwine,
I mourn that fearful darkness reigns
Where Hope alone should shine.

That glitt'ring star's refulgent light
Which happier mortals see,
Still with transcendent lustre bright;
Is ever dim to me.

But I'll implore that pow'r supreme,
Which gave me first such heartfelt joy,
To yield once more its guiding beam,
The brilliant way-mark to the sky.

Then shall that pow'ful magnet shine
And point the course I should pursue ;
Make me each earth-born care resign,
And keep the sacred end in view.



ON THE

DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

FAREWELL, blest Ellen ! long thy spotless name
Shall deep imprinted on our memories live ;
Long on the records of unsullied fame
Thy lovely innocence a charm shall give.

Farewell, thou little flow'ret of the shade
Just born to blossom, like thy kindred rose ;
Early transplanted where no thorns invade,
To flourish fair in regions of repose.

STANZAS.

WHILE some, amid the busy scenes of life,
Pursue its pleasures on each rising day,
Be mine reflection, free from anxious strife,
As thus I pensive tread my lonely way.

Here the fond Muse, in meditation's flight,
Wings her high-soaring passage through the air,
Neither surrounded by the shades of night,
Nor yet distracted by corroding care ;

Inspir'd by heaven, and blest by fate supreme,
Here would I wander at the break of day,
Feeding alone on fancy's fav'rite dream,
While love and hope maintain their equal sway.

No blighted prospects shall the bosom pain
While nature's beauties charm the admiring sight ;
No deadly sorrow in the memory reign,—
Calm like a spirit in the realms of light.

ON THE
AUTHOR'S WEDDING-DAY.

As oft as rolling time shall chance to bring
 Back to my mind remembrance of that day,
I'll hail the breeze that bears it on its wing,
 And mourn its flight whene'er it's past away.

That day gave birth to many a rising sigh,
 And planted in my bosom many a fear,
The secret tumult of my soul beat high;
 But, ah! the tie was tender, strong, and dear.

Bright was that sun whose lovely cloudless brow,
 With radiant lustre on my path did rise;
Bright was that aspect, solemn was that vow,
 That pledg'd to me what most on earth I prize.—

Nor was my heart inspir'd by sordid views,
 No sigh for riches, no desire for fame;
That secret peace which from affection flows
 Was all my hope, and all I wish'd to claim.

ON A FINE PEACOCK,

WHICH, WHILE DISPLAYING ITS PLUMAGE, WALKED
BACKWARDS TILL IT FELL INTO A POND.

ONE morning, early in the birth of spring,
When Nature first her infant hope reveals,
When tuneful birds their wildest wood-notes sing,
And every Poet secret rapture feels;

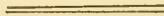
Attentively I watch'd each passing scene,
For meditation was my Muse dispos'd.
When 'neath the radiant sun's refulgent beam,
A feather'd king his majesty disclos'd.

By nature grac'd with all that charms the sight,
With conscious pomp he backward bent his way,
Spreading his plumes before the azure light,
Proudly exalting in a monarch's sway.

Each gentle breeze that blew but more reveal'd
The brightest colours of his noble train,
His regal pow'r and beauty were his shield,
No danger threaten'd his despotic reign.

Yet storms will rise and clouds obscure the days
Of haughty monarchs, as our histories tell,
Then wonder not whilst proudly courting praise,
Into a pond the high plum'd tyrant fell.

Ah me! I thought of human pomp and show,
Just blighted in the moment of their bloom;
How oft are mortals' tow'ring hopes laid low,
And proud ambition prison'd in the tomb!



ON THE
DEATH OF A FAVORITE DOG.

IF to obedience and assiduous care,
One single tribute from the Muse is due,
Then *Tiny* must this little favour share;
Belov'd in life, in death lamented too.

Pride of her mistress, and her master's joy;
Their faithful guardian both by night and day:
No more on *Tiny* must their hopes rely;
To Death, fell tyrant, she's become a prey.

STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A BIRD WHICH FOLLOWED THE AUTHOR
AS SHE WAS GOING TO BE MARRIED, AND UTTERED
UNCEASINGLY ITS PLAINTIVE NOTES.

WHAT gentle voice was that I heard
Soft breathing in the air ?
Methinks it was that little bird
With boding notes of care.

It seem'd to follow me with pain
Like some foretelling sprite,
As if 'twould say, with mournful strain,
Thy prospects are not bright.

Why did it leave its lonely bow'r
Where nature's beauties grow,
To tract me in this happy hour,
And chirp of future woe ?

I will not fear its 'boding plaint,
I'll not indulge despair.
Why should I present blessings taint
With thoughts of future care ?

S T A N Z A S.

WITH secret pleasure shall I oft rehearse
The first unfolding of my infant views,
When first I lov'd to frame the humble verse,
And unaffected woo'd the feeble Muse.

Nor did I wish that any eye should see,
Nor hope that any bosom should admire,
'Twas nature's wild ungarnish'd boon to me,
The smallest portion of poetic fire.

For oft I would when but in childhood's years,
Ere reason had begun to hold her reign,
In rhyming accents tell my hopes and fears,
And lisp my woes in melancholy strain.

'Twas mine to love retirement's rural joys,
And all the sweets which solitude bestowed,
The world was only dear from friendship's ties,
No thought of public praise within me glow'd:

Till generous bosoms, fir'd with ready zeal,
With one consent, bestow'd th' indulgent smile,
Set to my work the sweet approving seal—
The kind reward of all my studious toil.

LINES

WRITTEN AT SIX YEARS OF AGE.

When rambling on a rural plain,
Early in morning dew,
I met a youthful wandering swain
In garb of ancient hue;
He cast a wistful look on me,
With gladness on his mien,
And ask'd me if my home might be
On yonder rural green;
"Yes," I exclaim'd, "I there retire,
"And with my mother too;
"But why a stranger should inquire,
"The cause I do not know."

I thought he look'd like Ratcliffe's son,
But spoke in language smoother;
He said—"A little stranger's come,
"Who proves to be thy brother.
"He has no teeth, nor any hair,
He heaves no tender sigh,
"He knows not yet the name of care,
"And yet he's heard to cry.
"Come little maid, with me along,
"And let us to your mother,
"That you may hush, with gentle song,
"Your little infant brother."

TO JOSEPHINE.

DEAR Josephine, pray tell me, why
Such pensive looks you show?
The mournful look, the heaving sigh,
And all such signs of woe?
Is it, dear friend, some nipping blast
That chills thy pleasures now?
Or, recollection of the past,
Spreads sadness o'er thy brow?

Why should a dark or gloomy view,
 Be centred in thy mind;
Where innocence and virtue too,
 Have ever been entwin'd?
I've mark'd thy steps with 'tentive care,
 Oft, unobserv'd by thee;
And seen thee every action square,
 With grace and piety.
Thy bosom's warm with friendship's glow,
 And, though thou dost not tell;
Perhaps thou'rt touch'd with others' woe,
 As with a magic spell.
'Tis not a curious turn of mind,
 That makes thy friend enquire;
But firm affection only, twin'd
 With one sincere desire,
That friendship's balm might healing be,
 And soothe thy every pain;
And I, delighted, once might see
 Those pleasing smiles again.

WHIT-MONDAY, 1831.

ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE AND REVEREND
FREDERICK CURZON, OF MICKLEOVER.

THE morning was serene and calm,
I heard no voice complain;
And hope, which can the spirits charm,
Appear'd o'er all to reign.

Joy seem'd to dwell in every mind,
Each face was seen to smile;
The people all in concert join'd,
Forgetful of their toil.

The village maids were dress'd in white;
Swains, in their best array'd;
All mingled in the circle bright,
While cheerful music play'd.

“Ah why,” cried I, “this pleasing sound?
“Or why this festive scene?
“’Tis seldom mirth like this is found,
“To cheer the village green.”

Then spake an ancient country dame,
In humble garments clad,
“It was from Heaven these blessings came,
“Which make our peasants glad.

“That Power to whom we are resign’d,
“To whom we homage pay,
“The noble Frederick’s heart inclin’d,
“To make our village gay.

“For heaven, who knows our toils and cares,
“Permits these rural joys:
“Hears all our honour’d Master’s prayers,
“And no good gift denies.

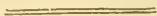
“Our Master leaves his noble home,
“To aid this happy day;
“Content in humble scenes to roam,
“And point the sacred way.

“See how the children of the schools,
“Are objects of his care;
“Kept by his strict and pious rules,
“From many a dangerous snare.

“See how they share his bounty too ;
“His great and generous mind,
“Ever inventing something new ;
“Which proves him good and kind.”

Oh may that sacred power divine,
Which now directs his way,
Here, make his path still brighter shine,
On each succeeding day.

May he be kept at Jesus' feet!
May peace attend him now !
At last with fair AUGUSTA meet,
With victory on his brow.



STANZAS.

WHENE'ER that peaceful cot I see,
I think of happier by-gone days ;
And each reflection seems to me,
Like cheering gleam of sunbeam's rays.

I think of love, of pleasure's smile,
Of friendship's strong and powerful sway;
And all that can the heart beguile,
And chase life's fearful gloom away.

I think of Burns, and lovely Jane,
Of Scott, and all the poets dear;
Their rural joys,—a magic train,—
Must surely, mingling, centre here.

'Tis here, I see domestic care,
Industry, and affection join'd;
With ev'ry charm that home can wear,
That's most endearing to the mind.

All-gracious Father, kindly grant
That each may every good enjoy;
And in their peaceful bosoms plant
Thy love, a way-mark to the sky.

ADMONITION TO A FRIEND.

THERE is a gloom on Mary's brow,
A dew-drop in her eye,
And signs of silent sorrow now,
And many a painful sigh.

I know your heart was always kind,
And I respect you, sir;
But there's a tenderness of mind,
Peculiar in her.

I know how kindly you provide,
For all within your cot,
But there is something else beside,
I fear you've quite forgot.

I need not in these lines comment,
Upon her sterling worth,
But yet I must indeed lament,
There're few such gems on earth.

That she is sensitive and fair,
Is plain to every eye;
That she requires attentive care,
And you that care deny.

Yet you have pledg'd before the throne,
In sickness and in health,
To cherish her, and her alone,
In poverty or wealth.

She would not all alone prefer,
To weep for woes gone by;
If you would kindly comfort her,
And dry the tearful eye.

'Tis your's to see that all obey,
With reverence that is due;
That she her little household sway,
In unison with you.

Excuse the freedom of my pen,
This ode's to friendship due;
And when I see her smile again,
I will not trouble you.

TO ELIZA.

SAY, dear Eliza, canst thou be
Forgetful of the days gone by;
Of happy hours thou'st spent with me,
In many a scene of rural joy?

Forget me, who has ever prov'd
The force of friendship's purest flame:
And who so long and dearly lov'd
The sound of Alexander's name.

Me, who rejoic'd with joy supreme,
When cheering sunbeams round thee play'd;
And mourn'd in sorrow's wild extreme,
When thou wert first an orphan made.

Who deems it still a pleasing theme,
Reflecting on thy words and ways;
When whispering 'neath the sun's bright beam,
"Oh Mary, these are happy days.

“Will there be gloomier moments ever,
“Must I be separate from you?
“Should fate decree that we must sever,
“I could not, would not, say adieu.

“But should such cruel moments come,
“When faithful Mary shall depart;
“Then wheresoe'er her footsteps roam,
“She's written on Eliza's heart.

“And when these rural walks I view,
“And wander round these ancient tow'rs;
“I'll think of friendship, peace, and you;
“And these delightful happy hours.”

But those bright days are pass'd away,
And dear Eliza has forgot;
She will not come and kindly stay
One hour within my humble cot.

But, though she careless pass my door,
I prize her more than gold or pearl;
And should I ne'er behold her more,
I still shall love the orphan girl.

TO MISS H——.

THERE was a stranger lady came
And sat within my cot;
Her greatness, goodness, and her name,
I knew them not.

I look'd upon her, and was mov'd
With gratitude sincere;
Yet knew not she was so belov'd,
Nor of her sphere.

Yet something, whispering, seem'd to say,
Be still, be silent, now;
There, all that's noble bears the sway,
And decks her brow.

ON THE
DEATH OF SIR C. H. COLVILE,
OF DUFFIELD.

I SAW the village, cheerful once and gay,
Now gloomy as the closing hour of day;
A solemn stillness was o'er all the place,
And sorrow dwelt in ev'ry well-known face.
"Ah! why," I said, "this fearful anguish now?
"Or, why does sadness reign on ev'ry brow?"
"Why, are you not aware," a voice exclaim'd,
"How in this village every heart is pain'd;
"Our loss is great, our sorrow is severe:
"We've lost the Knight we lov'd with hearts sincere.
"He's gone, whose name could ev'ry care beguile!
"He's gone, the brilliant star of Britain's isle!
"'Tis not for this sad loss alone, we mourn,
"(His pain and suffering never can return;
"'Twas his great business ever to prepare;—
"His noble soul now breathes a purer air;)

“But his lov’d Lady, mourning far away,
“A source of sorrow that cannot decay;
“We, for her sake, to suffer, would prefer,
“Could we but ward the awful stroke from her.
“But she, alas! is ever doom’d to feel
“A wound that only heav’nly powers can heal:
“Yet all would now a secret comfort find,
“In off’ring consolation to her mind.
“Could we but hear her much-lov’d voice proclaim
“Calm resignation, though in pensive strain,
“This would be pleasure not to be exprest,
“And ease the tumults of each troubled breast.
“But she’s in distant lands, and we must pray
“That guardian angels ’tend her every day,
“And that her dear lov’d family may come,
“In health and safety to their peaceful home.
“To heavenly care we must at length confide,
“Our choisest treasure, and our village pride.”

 This tale of sorrow, did at once impart
A piercing dagger to the Muse’s heart;
I well remember, days not distant far,
When I beheld him like a glittering star,

And heard his well-known voice in crowds resound,
And every aspect brightened at the sound;
For he was dearly lov'd by rich and great,
And much ador'd by all of low estate:
His bright intelligence and goodness join'd,
Is deep imprinted on the public mind.

Oh! I remember, and with anguish keen,
How I beheld him in the festive scene,
With heart so good, so gen'rous, and so brave,
Dispensing gifts, which heaven so kindly gave;
And saw the pleasure beaming in his eye,
At every rapt'rous sound of rural joy;
And saw his Lady kindly waiting while,
To welcome strangers with approving smile.—
Oh! this was bliss, 'twas bliss of pleasing kind,
And long will be imprinted on my mind.

The sad remembrance that he is no more,
Still bids the Muse in mournful strains deplore!
Yes, green in memory shall for ever be,
Sir Charles, thy goodness, and thy dignity!

ON THE ILLNESS OF MR. B——

YE who adore the God of Heaven supreme,
Whose loving kindness is your favorite theme;
'Tis you, who can with sacred joy declare,
His kind attention to the faithful pray'r.

Once, there were days of sad and gloomy kind,
When fearful sorrow dwelt in every mind;
When OSBORNE felt affliction's keenest pow'r,
And dark and dreary was each passing hour.

The rich and great felt all the pangs of woe,
And grief extended to the poor and low;
A general pray'r that heav'n would kindly save;
For he was noble, generous, and brave.

And she who watch'd him with a sorrowing heart,
Saw the last rays of lingering hope depart:
For resignation oft she pensive sigh'd,
And "Spare my son," with fond emotion cried.

All nature lost its charms, and dull and drear
The future prospects of her life appear;
All honours, wealth, and beauty, were forgot,
And sad with care, she mourn'd her hopeless lot.

Beside his bed she sat with watchful care,
And breath'd to heaven a mother's ardent prayer;
To these petitions from a heart sincere,
Th' attentive heav'ns lent a listening ear.

Then stop, my Muse, Oh! stop the mournful strain!
That noble house is cheerful once again;
Each pleasing sign returning health displays,
Brightens the prospect of their future days.

A secret rapture beam'd in every eye,
And each domestic shared the general joy;
And that lov'd lady, cheerful, happy, now,
Bright signs of pleasure sparkle round her brow.

Long as she lives, her cheerful voice will raise
In mingled offerings, of pray'r and praise;
Long may she live to cheer his noble soul,
While happier seasons in succession roll.

May heavenly blessings 'tend them ev'ry day,
And guardian angels circle round their way!
While, on the records of immortal fame,
Still long shall live the B——'s honoured name.

ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. B.

DEAR lady, much I wonder'd, why you thought,
I could mistake what perfect genius wrought;
No, in the city, or in scenes retir'd,
I must have known, and silently admir'd.

So well I love the solitary hour,
So oft reflect on Nature's pleasing pow'r,
Not to remember with sincere delight,
That perfect image drawn in colours bright.

Not that I think e'en magic skill could draw
That meaning glance, which I with pleasure saw;
That look expressive, Nature's pencil drew,
With pow'r more bright, than Genius ever knew.

TO EDWIN.

DEAR Edwin, say if this be true,
The PEACH is fairest fruit with you,
And that you wish to be possess'd
Of one, the fairest and the best;
And that it is your firm intent,
To ask the gardener's consent?
If so, I do indeed foresee,
This task most difficult will be;
Because you've fix'd your mind upon
The tender, young, beloved, one;
The one the gardener wish'd to see,
Still hanging on its parent tree.
To see that precious youthful bloom,
There, flourish fair, for days to come,
Shelter'd from all the cares and pain
Too oft attach'd to Hymen's chain.
This, then perhaps may cause dispute,
And prove the PEACH, *Forbidden Fruit!*

THE OLD MAID.

ALAS! she wears the brow of care,
Deep anguish in her bosom reigns;
She 'marks that ev'ry low-born fair,
Excells in spite of all her pains.

Methinks, I heard in language wild,
The poor deserted maid, exclaim,—
“Oh! how I've trimm'd, and curl'd, and toil'd,
“But every effort's prov'd in vain.

“Few imperfections in my form,
“But these are all that can be seen;
“There's many a bright endearing charm,
“Has long in deep oblivion been.

“So dull the present age appears,
“That beauty can no merit claim;
“For, though I've liv'd near forty years,
“I never yet arose to fame.

“On me, is cast no wishful look,
“I’m never watch’d with tender care;
“But, Oh! at last I’m quite forsook,
“And left to languish and despair.

“But not forsook,—I meant not so,—
“I did not mean the loss to own;—
“Why did such foolish language flow?
“I’ll say,—I’d rather live alone.”

TO AN ABSENT LOVER.

I CANNOT suppose in the hour of deep sorrow,
That thou canst forget me, once dear to thy breast;
But, Oh! if thou canst, then my hopes of to-morrow,
In deepest oblivion, for ever shall rest.

And when fortune smiles, and her favours bestowing,
Then, canst thou forget me, whom heaven design’d
To share in those blessings so plenteously flowing,
To join in those comforts, and solace thy mind.

CONTEMPLATIONS IN A GARDEN,
ON A FINE EVENING.

LIGHTLY do the breezes blow,
At the closing hour of day;
Nature's charms their sweets bestow,
'Neath Sol's departing ray.

All around me seems to smile,
Nor is my heart oppress'd with woe;
Feather'd songsters here beguile,
And gentle waters flow.

Surely, this must be a dream;
Or something more than magic pow'r,
By the side of this sweet stream,
Reigns in twilight's mystic hour.

Art and Genius sweetly twin'd,
Form a most romantic spot;
Such, as by a thinking mind,
Can never be forgot.

TO SARAH.

DID lovely Sarah weep and sigh,
For th' absence of the man she lov'd?
Did he behold with tearless eye,
Her sorrows, all unmov'd?

There was a time, when fair and bright,
He saw her beauty shine;
And watch'd her motions with delight,
And thought her all divine.

And has time chang'd her form and face?
Or, has it chang'd his mind?
No, she is bless'd with every grace,
And is in all resign'd.

She pledg'd herself to be his own,
He was her only care;
But, Oh! he left her all alone,
In anguish and despair.

TO MY BROTHER,

ON LEAVING HOME, AND SOON AFTERWARDS GETTING
MARRIED.

Long did my thoughts in anguish dwell,
On that dark gloomy day,
When thou regardless saidst "Farewell,"
And went away.

Thou knew'st the anguish of my heart,
Thou knew'st it by the mournful sigh;
I watch'd thee silently depart,
And felt that every hope must die.

For thou, lov'd youth, my bosom care,
From early infant years;
My heart breath'd many a silent pray'r,
With sighs and tears;

That heaven would choicest blessings send,
And from those spheres of light;
Some guardian angel might attend,
And guide thy footsteps right.

As mingled incense should arise,
From breasts that are sincere;
So this did penetrate the skies,
And heaven did hear,—

And sent the choicest joys of life,
That could descend on man;
When thou didst call by name of wife,
Thy MARY ANNE.

And sister says, like Venus bright,
Thy lovely girl appear'd;
And that her smile of heavenly light,
Thy bosom cheer'd.

And, as the tender plant which grows,
Requires a fostering care;
So, guard from ev'ry blast that blows,
Thy lovely fair.

And if she'll kindly cherish thee,
And sooth thy rising fears;
I will her grateful sister be,
Through distant years.

TO EMMA.

How oft oppress'd with cares and fears,
The Muse resigns her thoughts and pen,
Till some endearing charm appears,
To bring them to their sphere again.

And as the mountain breezes blow,
And as the gentle waters roll ;
So do these humble verses flow,
By Nature's fond controul.

Nor shall lov'd EMMA be forgot,
Whene'er the Muse resumes her flight ;
For oft it's been my pleasing lot,
To mark her beauties with delight.

For she is like some lovely flower,
Come forth to flourish here ;
To show the beauty and the power,
Of some high sphere.

I watch'd her little form and mien,
Her manners soft and mild ;
And thought how much like beauty's queen,
Was EMMA, lovely child !

Oh! may this little flow'ret rise,
With every grace combin'd ;
Presenting ever to the skies,
A calm and gentle mind.

L I N E S.

FAREWELL ye hopes, whose brightly glowing
beams,
Once cheer'd the prospect of each rising day ;
Your fatal smiles were but as 'witching dreams,
Come to allure, and light but to betray.

That much lov'd object, whose endearing smiles,
Once cheer'd my heart, is now unkindly fled ;
Drawn from me by the most deceitful wiles,
And left me nightly sorrowing on my bed.

THE SHOWER-BATH.

ADDRESSED TO MISS R.

IN condescension, Oh! ye Powers divine,
Assist the Muse to draw the gentle line;
Direct the pencil as it moves along,
Inspire the Poet, and expect the song.

It was MARIA'S calm and rural bower,
Gave birth to meditation's sacred power.
And bade each tender sentiment arise,
In consecrated accents to the skies.

MARIA, quite regardless of repose,
To hail the beauties of the morn, arose;
Presents to heaven, a calm and grateful mind,
And proves to all a disposition kind.

Her maid, inspir'd with love, with hope, and fear,
Attends her footsteps with the tenderest care
To that retirement, where MARIA'S soul
Feels the full sweetness of divine controul.

I saw her much-lov'd form descending slow
And then beheld the streaming torrents flow ;
With angel sweetness smiling on the scene,
She seem'd to welcome every pang of pain.
Like ancient sages when their woes combin'd,
Prov'd all the greatness of a heav'n-born mind.

R E G R E T.

How dark is the night, and how sullen the gloom,
And how hard is the heart that has left me alone ;
How blighted the hopes that did flourish and bloom,
For the bosom once fond, is now cold as a stone.

Oh! forgive me, kind heaven, this anxious desire,
And take me from sorrows so hard to be borne !
Beneath the green sod let me quickly retire,
Since my love did forsake me, my pleasure's all
gone.

ON PARTING.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND TO SEND TO HER LOVER,
WHO NEGLECTED WRITING TO HER.

WHILE memory shall reign, and reason shall yield
To me her endearing pow'r,
In my heart shall thy image for ever be seal'd;
And the thoughts of our parting hour.

I am not forgetful of scenes that are past,
Of words that were tenderly spoken;
Of hopes you inspir'd, when I saw you the last,
And of promises, fatally broken.

But if some sad reason, by me unforeseen,
The cause of your silence assign'd;
I only request you the truth to explain,
And your letter a welcome shall find.

TO A FRIEND.

ON RETURNING A VOLUME OF POEMS WRITTEN BY
A YOUNG LADY.

DEAR Lady, while that book I read,
So kindly lent by you ;
I find a something great indeed,
In every line I view.

And tho' its author soars so far
Above my power to trace ;
Yet I admire the brilliant star,
In all her native grace.

And while I view her classic powers,
Rich as the Indian gem ;
I love to see the beauteous flowers,
That glitter on each stem.

It seems that in her soaring mind,
Where wisdom loves to dwell ;
There's every other charm combin'd
That forms a magic spell.

TO MR. BREEDEN.

ON HIS LEAVING DERBY FOR ANOTHER CIRCUIT.

DEAR BREEDEN, do not say adieu,
Though we must shortly part,
'Twould ev'ry struggling grief renew,
That trembles in the heart.

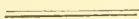
We heard thee speak the fearful words
"I must be far away,"
And all thy flock th' event records
With sorrow and dismay.

Thou canst not say the word "Farewell,"
Thy mind is sorrowing now;
Thou canst not on that subject dwell,
There's sadness on thy brow.

Dear shepherd, thou mightst cheerful go,
Thy utmost duty's done;
For ev'ry slipp'ry path below,
Thou'st taught us how to shun.

With Abraham's faith, and Jacob's zeal,
And power and light sublime;
Thou didst the hidden things reveal
With energy divine.

May thou in peace and safety rest,
And on the rock repose!
Here, thousands have thro' thee been blest,
And shall be where thou goest.



LINES WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

MY dear MISS ATKINS, while I write these lines,
A mingled pleasure round my heart entwines;
Yes, always when I think upon your name,
I feel the force of friendship's purest flame.
That kindly token I receiv'd from you,
Must in my heart fresh gratitude renew;
Your letter, dear ELIZA, proves to be,
A sweet assurance you remember me:
I thank you for each token of your love,
And hope, through life, my gratitude to prove.

For 'mongst the honours that around you wait,
And all your smiling friends,—the gay and great,
And pleasures that surround you ev'ry day,
You think of me, though I am far away.

I do anticipate with great delight,
To see the city, and with friends unite;
Many there are I love with heart sincere,
But you, ELIZA, most intensely dear.
May heaven bless you, while through life you go,
And still preserve you from the reach of woe!
May peace, and love, and sacred friendship, too,
Around your path their fairest flow'rets strew!
'This is my pray'r:—may heav'n attend you now,
And place the wreath of victory on your brow!
And whilst its choicest blessings on you rest,
Still may your much lov'd family be blest!
'That when these changing scenes of life are o'er,
Safe you may land where sorrow is no more.

TO A FRIEND.

I WILL not flatter nor disguise,
But speak my sentiments sincere;
The object of my verse I prize,
An object truly dear.

I will not say that beauty rare
Has mark'd her form and face;
But still I say, that she is fair,
And blest with modest grace.

There is a youth of modest worth,
Of unassuming air;
Who owns her sight the secret birth
Of all his woe-born care.

A youth, whose gentle bosom feels
The power of tenderest woe,
Which only sweet possession yields,
When answering feelings flow.

May heaven, in tender pity, grant
To him his constant pray'r;
And in her lovely bosom plant
An answer to his care.

ON A BULLFINCH,

THAT USED TO VISIT ONE OF THE TOWERS OF DERBY
COUNTY JAIL.

I AM glad, little bird, you're possess'd of the power,
To go where you please, or to sing on the tower,
And not like the pris'ners who hear the sweet strain,
Tho' ever so weary, compell'd to remain;
Or the poor little goldfinch who answers your call,
Oblig'd to reside in a dwelling so small!
Though his seeds and his water be ever so good,
'Tis more pleasant to range in the fields or the wood;
For Liberty's charms are surprisingly great,
Surpassing the honours of wealth and of state!
For this pleasure who sigh, are not pris'ners alone,
The King vainly seeks it, who sits on his throne!
Tho' the laurels of honour around him are twin'd,
His wishes are captives,—in chains is his mind.

KEDLESTON CHURCH.

If e'er my heart religious truths admir'd,
Or wish'd to walk by heaven's all sacred law;
'Twas when those solemn ancient scenes conspir'd,
To fix within me reverential awe.

If e'er romantic rural charms combine
To draw the mind, and wand'ring thoughts
compose;
'Tis where we see the beauteous ivy twine,
Around those peaceful mansions of repose.

Here lie the great, and the illustrious dead;
Their ancient monuments may still be seen;
And while the plains of heavenly light they tread,
Still shall their memory be for ever green.

Yes, history tells us of their ancient fame,
How, in succession, they their country serv'd;
And bids us long revere the CURZON's name,
A name, from honour's path, that never swerv'd.

KEDLESTON HALL.

THE SEAT OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD SCARSDALE.

MOST noble mansion! fond remembrance tells,
That 'neath thy roof goodness with greatness dwells;
The lov'd descendants of an honour'd line,
Whose deeds in chivalry were wont to shine.
Thy varied beauty striking proof displays,
Of brilliant genius, and of happy days;
Of days when plenty,—days when pleasure smil'd,
And poets sung “in happy wood-notes wild.”
When free from care, from sadness, or dismay,
Pure native genius wing'd its soaring way.

No toil was spar'd around this beauteous dome,
To mingle grandeur with the charms of home;
Here peace and plenty found a happy seat,
And yet, in union, own the calm retreat.
Still may that Power which high in heaven reigns,
In peace and safety keep these fair domains.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON BEING MARRIED TO A MISSIONARY, AND GOING
ABROAD WITH HIM.

THIS morning, dearest LUCY, brings to mind,
Reflections of the fondest tend'rest kind:
I almost wonder you resolve to go,
And leave the friends that always lov'd you so.
It is not language that hath power to tell,
With what reluctance I shall say "Farewell!"
But while I speak in terms like these to thee,
A whispering spirit seems to answer me;
It seems to speak in words like these, "Be still,
"This noble act is Heaven's imperial will,
"And though far distant, there will be a day,
"That will explain why LUCY went away.
"She goes with one who gladly will explore,
"And preach the Gospel on that foreign shore;
"And she will tell how Jesus kindly saves:
" 'Tis this that calls them o'er the distant waves.
"Then murmur not, but be contented now,
"The wreath of honour circles round her brow;

“And if ye never meet again below,
 “Ye’ll haply meet beyond the reach of woe;
 “And there, united, shall for ever dwell,
 “Nor hear, nor speak, the fatal word, *farewell.*”
 With these reflections, I can part with you,
 Without a murmur speak a last adieu!
 And this, both night and day, shall be my pray’r,
 “May angels guard you with attentive care.”

TO CHARLES.

OH CHARLES! Affliction’s keenest dart has flown,
 And MARY falls a victim to its pow’r;
 She sighs responsive, and ’tis thou alone,
 Canst cheer the aspect of each mournful hour.
 In nightly shades her pensive bosom pains,
 O’erwhelm’d with care, she heaves the tender sigh;
 “Oh my unconscious lover,” she exclaims,
 “How gladly wouldst thou dry the tearful eye.
 “Oh CHARLES! my only hope, my bosom’s care,
 “Thy name I cherish with supreme delight;
 “’Tis thou alone canst banish my despair,
 “And dissipate the awful gloom of night.”

FROM A WIFE,
TO AN UNSYMPATHISING HUSBAND.

I DO not know I ever heard
You speak a sympathising word;
I think I never heard you say
The common word of ev'ry day.
I never heard you say, "I'm griev'd,"
Or wish a pain could be reliev'd!
I never saw your aspect wear
A sign of pity, or of care!
I never saw you seem to smile,
Like one that would a care beguile;
A sullen stillness, tends to prove,
The absence of all trifling love.
And how an union came to be,
'Twixt one so opposite and me,
I know not; but I always deem
'Twas order'd by a Pow'r supreme.
And if it had been heaven's will,
That you had softer feelings still,
Then had our babes been doom'd to know,
Above a common share of woe;

Since that fond sensibility,
Is oft the cause of misery:
They feel not for themselves alone,
F'or each one's sorrow's as their own.
From feelings, so acute as mine,
And sullen stupor such as thine,
There may a mingled medium be,
A barrier to anxiety;
Oh! may those much-lov'd children find,
That blest, that happy state of mind.
But this is not my only pray'r,
That they should be so free from care;—
For if their path be shining bright,
Or if they walk in gloom of night,
Or if they in a palace dwell,
Or in a hermit's lowly cell,
All this is but a trivial thing,
Since time is ever on the wing:
As short its sail and quick its flight.—
May they pursue with great delight
The path that heaven itself directs,
While Jesus with a smile protects!
May they, at last, with you and me,
Amid the right-hand circles be.

ON A RELIGIOUS CHANGE IN
MY FATHER.

THIS happy change by heavenly power was
wrought;

'Twas far above the reach of human thought;
Hope never dar'd my fancy to beguile,
With thoughts that mercy on our pray'rs would
smile!

Dear mother saw, hopeless her pray'rs and tears,
And her unwearied toil, for many years;
All seem'd a dreary, dark, and cheerless gloom,
And joy seem'd 'prison'd in a lasting tomb.
But, Oh! at last, before the throne he knelt,
And deep contrition in his bosom felt,
Ardently pray'd till injured mercy smil'd
And he beheld, as with a transport wild,
The sacred hope that beam'd within his breast
And bade him firmly on the Saviour rest.
No more in sin and sorrow doth he roam,—
Content and happy in his peaceful home:

That home the scene of sadness and of care,
Is now the house of joy, of praise, and pray'r!
Most gracious Father may we grateful be,
And dedicate our future lives to thee.

TO MISS S. D——.

FAREWELL! I saw thee passing by,
Thou wouldst not call on me ;
Though I did wait with watchful eye
And listened long for thee.

For now indeed I'm quite forgot,
Yet thou art ever dear ;
But since thou'st heedless pass'd my cot,
I will not shed a tear.

Yet fresh in memory art thou yet
And wilt be every day,
But never can my heart forget
Thou wouldst not look this way.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MATLOCK.

YE pleasing scenes to memory dear,
I hail you with a pensive tear,
With feelings not to be express'd,
That mingling centre in my breast!

I view'd you once with more delight,
With cheering hopes and prospects bright;
My youthful heart then little thought
Of ills, with which life's journey's fraught.

'Twas warm with friendship's purest glow,
Ah! little, little, did I know,
The cause,—that sweetly pleasing charm,
Would not all other bosoms warm.

I since have found with sad dismay,
Hearts cold as frosty winter's day;
And oft have sigh'd when all *alone*,
For this my *once* dear happy *home*.

Ye scenes still beautiful and gay,
So form'd to chase life's gloom away ;
A murmuring thought can scarce arise
Amid your bowers of paradise !

Thy charms, dear MATLOCK, still I view,
"Ever pleasing, ever new ;"
Where'er I turn, my wandering eyes
Are lost in rapture and surprise !

Thy tow'ring TORR shall ever stand
A monument of Nature's hand ;
And thy own DERWENT spread around
Thy fame where'er her waves are found.

To thee, dear natal spot, I turn ;
For thee the Poet's lamp shall burn ;
And long as mem'ry holds her seat,
So long I'll praise thy calm retreat.

F I N I S .

CONTENTS.

	Page
DEDICATION.....	3
PREFACE.....	5
LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS,	9
On Farnah,	15
Lament, on the want of Education,	17
My Brother,.....	19
To Donald,	21
Address to a Friend, from my Sick-bed,	22
To * * * * *,	23
To Lorenza,.....	24
To * * * * *,.....	25
Invocation to the Moon,.....	26
Stanzas in Retirement,	27
To Rosa,	29
To Miss * * * *,	30
To my Husband,	31
From Sophia to Laura,.....	32
Verses written in a Garden,	33
The Muse's Wish,	34
On the Death of Mr. Jos. Hopkinson,	36
Elegiac Stanzas,.....	38
Epitaph on Maria,	39
On a Little Girl,.....	40
Stanzas,	41
On the Death of a Little Girl,	42
Stanzas,	43
On the Author's Wedding Day,.....	44
On a Fine Peacock,	45
On the Death of a Favorite Dog,	46
Stanzas,	47

	Page
Stanzas,	48
Lines, written at Six years of age,	49
To Josephine,	50
Whit Monday, 1831,	52
Stanzas,	54
Admonition to a Friend,.....	56
To Eliza,	58
To Miss H——,	60
On the Death of Sir C. H. Colvile, of Duffield,	61
On the Illness of Mr. B——,.....	64
On a Lady's Portrait,	66
To Edwin,	67
The Old Maid,	68
To an Absent Lover,	69
Contemplations in a Garden,	70
To Sarah,	71
To my Brother,	72
To Emma,	74
Lines, ..	75
The Shower-Bath,	76
Regret.....	77
On Parting,.....	78
To a Friend, on Returning a Volume of Poems,	79
To Mr. Breeden,.....	80
Lines written for a Friend,	81
To a Friend,	83
On a Bullfinch,	84
Kedleston Church,	85
Kedleston Hall,	86
To a Young Lady,	87
To Charles,	88
From a Wife to an Unsympathising Husband,	89
On a Religious Change in my Father,	91
To Miss D——,	92
Recollections of Matlock,	93



University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388

Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below.

REC'D I.D. 1121

MAY 08 1891

MAR 06 1891

REMINGTON RAND INC. 20 213 (533)

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

University of California, Los Angeles



L 006 336 751 0

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 368 788 6

Universi
South
Libr